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FlashBack

Volume 60, Number 1, Spring 2010

Washington County Historical Society
118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701
http://www.washcohistoricalsociety.org
http://www.headquartershouse.org

Flashback (ISSN: 0428-5573) is published quarterly in the spring, summer, fall, and winter as an official publication of the Washington County Historical Society. Send all materials for publication to: *Flashback* Editor, Washington County Historical Society, 188 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701.

There is no payment for articles published in *Flashback*. The editor retains the right to edit all sumbitted articles prior to publication.

Society membership is invited to those interested in preservation of Washington County history. Annual dues for categories of membership are: Senior, Student, Public Library, $15; General, $25; Trail Blazer, $50; Explorer, $100; Wagon Master, $250; Pioneer, $500; Statesman, $1,000; Empire Builder, $5,000.

Members are mailed *Flashback* each quarter. Available past issues are $6 each, postpaid. Add $1 postage for issues printed in 1951 through February 1972. Web site: washcohistorica1society.org or headquartershouse.org.

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FLASHBACK

**Journal of
the Washington County Historical Society**

Volume 60 **Spring 2010** **Number 1**

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Cover: Clarence St. Clair "Buck" Gilbert with two of his sisters Helen Gilbert Fultz, left, and Phydella Gilbert Hogan, ca. 1975.

(Photograph courtesy of J.B. Hogan)

Memories of Growing Up in Early Twentieth-Century Washington County: Excerpts From a Letter by Clarence St. Clair "Buck" Gilbert[1]

Transcribed and Edited by
J.B. Hogan*

Clarence St. Clair "Buck" Gilbert was born November 21, 1908 in Whitener, a tiny community west of Hindsville, Arkansas. On August 25, 1978, Gilbert began a long letter that told of his childhood in Northwest Arkansas during the early 1900s. The letter eventually reached nearly seventy-five handwritten pages and Gilbert finished it, after a two-year break, on June 14, 1980. He died June 21, 1983 in Tishomingo, Oklahoma.

The following excerpts have been chosen for their value in describing the life not only of a young boy, but also that of his family and the communities in which he and they lived at the dawn of the twentieth century. Gilbert's memories are funny, poignant, and reflect the personality of an adventurous, high-spirited boy who became a man of equally high-spirits and one with a highly defined sense of humor and a personality that still shines forth from his words and memories.

Spelling, grammar, and punctuation by the original author have not been corrected in order to retain the flavor and character of Clarence St. Clair "Buck" Gilbert.[2]

* * *

When I came into this world I couldn't speak a word of english. Of course I was very young at the time, but being a very smart little boy, it wasn't long until I was cussin' and gripin' just like everyone else

---

*The author, the nephew of "Buck" Gilbert, is a frequent contributor to the *Flashback*.

Clarence St. Clair "Buck" Gilbert, ca. 1910

Photograph Courtesy of J.B.Hogan

MEMORIES OF GROWING UP

I was born at Whitener Ark. Nov. 21-1908 or 1909 I'm not sure which for some of my records say one thing and some say another. My Dad[3] was a blacksmith, my mother[4] read the bible a lot and my Dad cussed a lot, so two of the first words I learned to say were, God and Damn, and I took off from there Some of the stories I intend to tell in this writing may be rated pg. or X, so you may want to censor it before you let the kids read it

I had blond curly hair until I was about 3 years old, when I got a desease called Exema kinda like the itch, only much worse. I had sores all

Joseph and Sophia Gilbert, 1901

Photograph Courtesy of J.B.Hogan

over my body and in my hair they had to keep my head shaved for 2 or 3 months, Dad got some medicine from old Dr. Moore at Hindsville, it was used in my bath water, and just set me on fire That's when I learned some more words like the first two, and a few I invented myself. One day mother saw an advertisement in the Household[5] magazine, under patent medicines Dr. Hobson's Exzema Cure[6], in no time at all I was well again, but I didn't have curly hair any more

About that time I had my first taste of Tabaco, Dad had an old pipe that had gotten too strong for him so he gave it to me. I sucked on it for some time, until mother got mad and threw it in the stove, but I have been smoking pipes and ciggaretts ever since

Ike Vaughn owned and operated the general store at Whitener, Mr. Vaughn had two kids one boy about my age and a girl about 3 years older. The girl's name was Elsie and we called the boy Buster, when Buster and I were about 5 or 6 years old we played together a lot.

Mr Proctor the mail carrier and his wife lived right next door to the store, one day Buster and I snuk into Mrs Proctors chicken house and stole some eggs, we took them in the store and traded them for choclate candy. I know Mr Vaughn knew where we got the eggs, but he didn't like the Proctors, so didn't ask any questions but just let us have the choclates and laughed, after that Mrs Proctor didn't get as many eggs as before, but Buster and I had plenty of choclates....

We moved from Whitener to Sonora[7], where I started to School when I was Seven, we didn't live there very long for I dont remember but one old man who lived across the pasture from us and we called him Uncle Newt One morning mamma baked some mince pies and sent my sister Thelma[8] and I to take him one, and to ask him if it would make him mad if she didn't send him another one for supper

Well that old man sat down and ate the whole pie, and got so sick he almost died

One other thing I remember at Sonora at School we had a water cooler on a stand in the back of the room, we all had folding metal drinking cups that we carried in our pockets, one big boy went to the cooler and filled his cup with water came back to his seat and started lapping it like a dog, the teacher told him to stay after school and he would give him a whipping, at recess some of the kids were teasing the boy about it and the teacher said he was going to give them a whipping to, I was scared for I

knew if I got a whipping at School Dad would give me another one when I got home. so I went to the teacher and told him I was sick, and he let me go home I don't know what happened and I didn't inquire about it either, (at least I didnt get a whipping)....

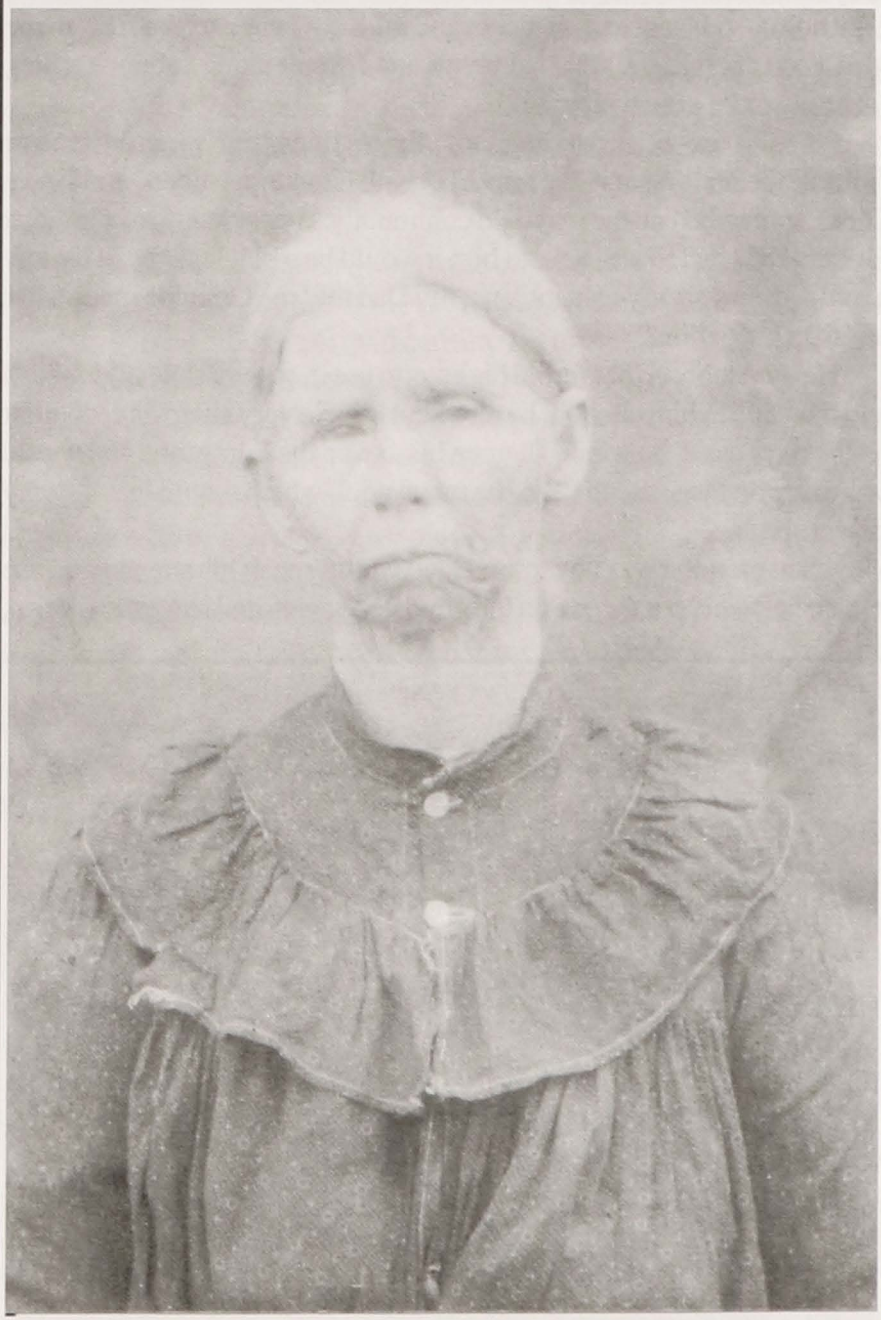
Oops! it was bound to happen, I forgot one move we didn't move from Whitener to Sonora we moved in with Grandma Gilbert[9] and Uncle Dick[10] somewhere in the mayfield community, I never knew my Grandpa Gilbert,[11] if I had to write about him it would be a blank page, all I know about him is what my Dad told me, my Dad told me Grandpa made a liar and thief out of him.

He used tobbaco but forbid his boys to use it, so they stole his tobbaco and then lied to him about it. he also kept his axe very sharp and wouldnt let the boys use it, he would sharpen his axe on the grindstone and would use water on the stone to keep the metal cool, which would leave a gray film on the axe,

when grandpa was not around Dad would sneak his axe out and use it, then he would put the axe on the grindstone again and leave the film on,

Dick Gilbert, ca. 1925

Photograph Courtesy of J.B.Hogan



Martha Ann Fanning Gilbert, Buck Gilbert's grandmother, ca. 1900

Photograph Courtesy of J.B.Hogan

so his Dad wouldn't know he had used it, until one day he was chopping some wood with it and missed the wood and split his big toe, Grandpa came home while Grandma was bandaging Dad's toe, but he never said a word about Dad using his axe,

I don't even know, when or where my Grandpa died or where he is buried....[12]

Dad and Uncle Dick were digging a water well in the front yard, had it down about 30 ft and were just about ready to give up, they had hit some hard rock and had to use dynamite and it was dangerous and expensive, one day Uncle Dick was lowering Dad down on a rope with the winlass, when Dad noticed a wet spot on the wall about 10 ft from the bottom, they put a ladder down in the hole and Dad climbed back up to the wet spot and dug out some of the dirt then said I can hear water running he took a crowbar and drove it back into the wall of the well about 3 ft and water started comming out around the crow bar. he pulled the bar out and water came gushing out through the hole. they had a good water well, it filled the hole about half full and it staied that way as long as uncle Dick lived there....

I gotta get back to Sonora or I'll miss the moving wagon to Hewitt Springs

Hewitt Springs[13] is a watering place about 3 or 4 miles South & east of Springdale

We lived on one hill, Mr. Rass Jones a retired railroad man livied on the next hill and the spring was in the holler (in case you dont know what a holler is it's a small canyon) between the two hills....

As I said before I don't know why we moved here so I guess we didnt need a reason to move away and we did just <u>that</u> after about 3 months – moved into an old shack just south of Healing Springs[14] several miles west and a little north of Springdale....

Just below our house in the hollow (holler) was a railroad track, around 4 O'clock every afternoon a little old train would go up the holler...Several times a bunch of big boys would come out and bring buckets of water, and several bars of P. and G. soap[15], and just before the train came by they would soap the track, the wheels on the little ole Engine would slip and he couldn't make it up the hill, the boys would be hiding in the bushes beside the track laughing like crazy. HO! BOY!

Healing Springs, ca. 1918

Postcard Courtesy of J.B.Hogan

Hold onto your hat and climb in the wagon we're movin again, (and we hadn't been here long enough to find our way to the out house in the dark) (well, what he Heck, it wasn't a very fancy out house anyway)

This time we went 4 or 5 miles north to a little place called Osage Mills,[16] the blacksmith there either died or wanted to quit any way his tools were for sale, and Dad borrowed $45.00 from Hewdie Crank and bought the tools, his name was really Hugh but everyone called him Hewdie....

Our house was at the east end of the Street where the road forked, one went north to Bentonville the other went Southeast to Cave Springs

Dads' shop was at the other end of the Street where the road forked again one went south past the School house to Healing Springs the other went northwest across the creek to nowhere in particular....

There were 4 houses and a Church on the north side of the street between our house and the shop. Mrs. Terhune the School teacher, Mr. Vassar the Infadel Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford and a boy my age and Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Bright and their little boy Dickie, we called him the little bright boy, his Dad was a fur trapper and big buyer,

On the street going south there was Mr. and Mrs. Morris a retired couple, Mr. Wall and his wife and 2 girls, Herb Gamble who owned the general store, and Mr. and Mrs. Sikes, who had 4 children 3 girls and one boy Sammy....

On down the road about a half mile was Uncle Eddie Piercie's place, almost everyday one of us kids had to go to Uncle Edies and get a gallon syrup bucket full of seperated milk in those days, it had been put thru a cream Separator, so we called it separated milk....

My brother Carl[17] could do about anything he put his mind or hands to, he built us a real neat sled with steel runners, it snowed about a foot deep one day, and after it thawed for a couple of days, the weather turned real cold and there was about 2 or 3 inches of ice on the ground, there was a hill behind our house, and an old road coming down off to one side of hour house, we pulled that sled up to the top of the hill through the bushes (we couldn't go up the road it was too slick) when we got to the top we eased that ole sled out on the road and jumped on it. there was just one thing wrong, we had forgotten there was an old wood gate at the bottom of the hill, Carl who was sitting in front saw what was going to happen and he bailed out I didnt have time to think or do anything so I just

closed my eyes and lowered my head and went right through that gate about 40 miles an hour, I was skinned up a little and didn't have any broken bones, but that old gate went to peices like a bomb had hit, if it had been a good gate it would have killed me, HO! BOY!

....Not long after we moved to Osage my Grandma Gilbert died [November 10, 1913] and Uncle Dick moved in with us and bought a small farm about 2 miles west of Osage up on the post oak flats.

He had two roan horses, one named Baldy the other one walked inda funny so we called him Old Sprad, we didnt have a lawn mower so we would put the horses in the yard and they would mow the grass, it saved a lot of work and the horses got fat on the grass I liked to sit up on Ole Sprad and ride around the yard while he mowed the grass one day a bee stung him or a horsefly bit him, and he took off around the house ran under the cloths line and dragged me off, didn't hurt me much, but sure knocked the wind out of me, for a while after that, I didn't care too much for horse back ridin'....

This next story is just to show how folks in the olden days made do with what they had at hand.

I went to spend the night with my friend Curt Downing, it was his birthday and we were going to have ice cream and cake,

Mr. Downing put the milk and sugar and vanilla in a 1 gallon syrup bucket with a tight fitting lid, put it down in a big bucket, crushed the ice in a burlap bag with the flat side of an axe, and filled around the little bucket with ice then rotated the little bucket round and round holding onto the bail or handle every few minutes he would take the lid off the little bucket and with a long spoon scrape the frozen cream from the sides of the bucket, after repeating this procedure several times, we had ice cream as good or better than we can buy now at the "Dairy Queen"

In 1917 the Germans were trying to overrun Belgium, France and England, it was an election year in the United States [1916 was actually the election year] and we were al-ready shipping ammunition and supplies overseas to the French and English,

Woodrow Wilson who was campaigning for president, was telling the people, if they wanted to keep their husbands, sons and sweethearts out of war, to vote for him,

Not long after he took office the Germans supposedly sunk one of our ships and the President and Congress declared war on Germany[18]

Buck Gilbert, ca. 1930

Photograph Courtesy of J.B.Hogan

My brother [Carl] was only about 15 years old at the time, he was so mad at them Germans he wanted to join the Army, he thought he could take Dad's ole single barrel shotgun and kill all those Germans in just a little while

The war didn't affect me much one way or another as I was too young to realize what was happening. the one thing I do remember was rumors going around that we were going to have to eat cornbread, for they couldn't ship cornmeal overseas as it would spoil before it got there

It wasn't patriotic to eat biscuits during the war. for it might deprive our soldier boys of having bread to eat....

One day we got word that two Okla outlaws had robbed the Bank at Cave Springs, and were coming our way, riding on one horse, one facing forward and the other facing backward, brother Carl grabbed Dad's ole shotgun and went down the road a little way and hid in the bushes he waited about 3 hours and the bank robbers never came by, (probably a good thing they didn't, or he might have got shot.

(In northwest Ark. everyone thought all outlaws and bank robbers came from Okla.)

Remember Mr. Vassar the Infidel? I think he was a communist but we hadn't heard that word yet. Although he read the Bible all the time, and almost had it memorized, he didn't believe one word that was written in it, he also believed that man decended from monkey....

When the Armistice was signed ending the war[19] everyone was so happy they had to celebrate in some way. some got drunk, some had fireworks, Dad and some of his friends shot Anvils

This requires a bit of explaining of just how it was done, so here goes.

A good blacksmiths anvil weighs some where between 150 and 200 lbs. in the bottom of the anvil is a square hole about 1 1/2 in. across and 4 or 5 in. deep. place one anvil upside down on a big block of wood sawed from a tree, fill the square hole with black gun powder let a little string of powder extend to the edge of the anvil, place another anvil upside down on top of the other one with the powder in it. heat the one end of a 10 ft piece of rod iron in the forge, touch the red hot end to the powder on the edge of the bottom anvil it will blow the top anvil off onto the ground, and make a big boom that can be heard for miles....

Some times I had to help Dad in the shop. when he was shrinking wagon tires it was my job to turn the blower that kept the fire going in the

forge, then help him carry the hot tire over and slip it on the wheel with two pair of long handle tongs, then I had to dip water out of a barrel close by and pour on the hot tire to cool it, and also keep it from catching the wood wheel on fire.

Another job I had to do sometimes was hold the horse's halter while my Dad nailed shoes on them, it wasn't bad at all if the horse was gentle, but sometimes we got hold of a wild one, when this happened we had a long pair of tongs called a twitch. Dad would place the horse's upper lip in one end of the tongs, squeeze the handles to-gether, and it was my job to hang onto the tongs, if I hung in there I could control the meanest horse, if I didn't hang on the horse could hurt my Dad, who had one of the horse's legs clamped between his knees, I also knew if the horse hurt my Dad, my Dad was goin to hurt me, so needles to say I hung on....

When Mr. Gambol sold the house we lived in at Osage Dad went to Cave Springs and rented a house, and came home with Wesley Stroud in a model "T" truck, we loaded up the furniture, and away we went....

Cave Springs was a big town to me, there was a Resturant, 2 grocery stores a Hardware store, a railroad, Depot and a 3 room School house there were about 40 kids in my room with one teacher 3rd 4th and 5th grades

I dont remember much about this place except there were two families at the edge of town who were having a feud kinda' like the Martins and the Coys. Each family had two boys in school and almost every day after school on the way home these four boys would get into a fight, and they used any thing they could get their hands on to fight with, ball bats, sticks, rocks fists and feet, sometimes it would get pretty bloody, and it almost scared me out of my britches

I dont think we lived in Cave Springs more than three months until Dad decided he would try farming for awhile Uncle Tom Johnson at Spring Valley[20] was looking for a sharecropper, so we loaded up Wes' Strouds model "T" truck and moved to Spring Valley....

By this time moving from place to place had became a way of life for us, and we thought nothing about it, when Dad took off one day and came back a few days later, and said he had leased 160 acres close to War Eagle Mills[21] in Benton County Ark. $60.00 cash for 1 year when we got ready to move Dad built a couple chicken coops, we had no chicken house so our chickens roosted in some trees in back of the house, with the

help of our dog and all us kids we caught them chickens and put them in the coops.

The next day Uncle Houston Scott[22] (mothers brother) and Jim Vanwinkle came over real early with two wagons we loaded up and took off for War Eagle Mills....

we didn't have a horse, cow or pig, some man over at Mayfield[23] told Dad he had a blind grey mare we could use if we would take good care of her, Dad and I walked to Mayfield on Saturday, staid all night with Grandma Scott,[24] picked up the old mare the next morning and I road her home....

There was about 6 acres of fairly smooth land just outside our yard fence, we put posts around it and stretched one smooth wire about 4 ft off the ground and stapled it to the posts, we then lead the mare around it several times, we would lead her up to the wire real slow until it touched her chest, after that when we wasn't working her to the plow or sled

Buck Gilbert, *far right*, with his siblings, ca. 1972
From left: Ray Gilbert, Floyd Gilbert, Helen Gilbert Fultz, Phydella Gilbert Hogan, and Alma Gilbert Allen

Photograph Courtesy of J.B.Hogan

which we hauled wood or anything that needed to be moved from one place to another, we would turn her loose in that little pasture and she never hurt herself or got into any trouble. when the grass got tall in our yard we would bring her inside and use her as a lawn mower, sometimes even now I wish I had a nice gentle old mare to mow my lawn for me

She was so nice and fat and slick sometimes I would sit upon her back and ride around while she mowed the lawn, one day when I was sittin on her and her head was down chompin the grass, I thought it would be fun to slide down her neck, I made it down to her ears, but it scared her I guess for she tossed her head up high, and I went end over end in the air and hit the ground on my back, it didn't hurt me much, but it sure knocked the wind out of me, believe it or not, I didn't do that any more

When she was in her little pasture I could go to the front gate and whistle real loud and she would start toward me, if she stopped all I had to do was whistle again and she would come right up to me, and I would pet her and talk to her, I would try to have something different for her to eat, even if it was just some pea vines out of the garden

Although me and that old mare had a lot of trouble when we started cultivating the small corn and beans, I loved her and I think she loved me,

Imagine if you can, a small boy, 10 or 11 years old, trying to cultivate small corn with a blind horse and a double shovel plow, but we did, and I'm still here 60 years later and I know if there is a horse heaven that old mare is there, eating oats and alfalfa hay....

War Eagle Mills was just a small place with two General Stores a Blacksmith shop and a water powered mill where they made flour and corn meal, and seven or eight homes close by. there was a small strawberry patch on the place where we lived, we picked the berries and sold them to everyone that would buy them and used the money to buy flour, sugar salt coffee baking powder and soda. these were just about the only things we needed that we couldn't grow on the farm....

Before the first of January we heard from Mr. Bettus the man who owned the land he spent a year in California and didn't like it, so he was coming back to Ark. and wanted his place back.

Dad took off again, he was back in a few days, had rented an old log house south of Spring valley. Made a deal with Uncle Houston and Jim Van Winkle to move us again, this place was close to a small creek called Vaughn Branch,[25]

Uncle Melvin Gilbert[26] owned about 200 acres of timber about 1/2 mile south of our house That winter Dad I cut and split about 10,000 fence posts for him, he paid us 3¢ each for splitting them and I think he sold them to Welch Grape vinyards at Springdale for 10¢ each....

The Sanders Brothers who owned the general store at Spring Valley, also farmed and bought and fed a lot of hogs, early in the fall they were moving a bunch of pigs one got away and got lost in the woods, and they couldn't find him,

Late in the winter Uncle Houston and Dad were out in the woods huntin' squirels and found this old pig, which had grown big and wild, they scared him out of a brush pile, he took after Uncle Houston who dropped his rifle, and climed a tree, he then started after my Dad, who was carrying a shotgun when he got close to Dad, he shot him right in the face with both barrels, uncle Houston went home and got the team and wagon – they loaded him in the wagon brought him home and we had fresh meat to eat.

My pal Kermit had a Jenny to ride (a Jenny is a female burro) I think) anyway one Sunday we decided to ride her over to uncle Melvins, to see my cousins Willie and Roy. when we came to the creek she wouldn't go across, Kermit thought he could take her back up the road a little way, kick her into a gallop, maybe she would cross the creek before she had time to think about getting her feet wet but when she came to the creek she just stopped suddenly and Kermit went flyin' over her head and landed in the creek he tried it two or three times and the same thing happened every time, by that time we decided, we didn't want to go to uncle Melvins anyway....

The old log house we lived in was damp and cold, there was fog along the creek almost every morning, and we had bad colds all winter, so Dad decided it wasn't a healthy place to live, he went to mayfield mountain, it was owned by mrs Ballew a widow, she reserved two rooms in the house and we moved into the rest of it.

Dad started me to plowing a small field and cultivating the apple orchard with the double shovel, and took off for Haberton[27] to open a blacksmith shop, that some other blacksmith had walked off and left.

He only came home on weekends, and after a coupla, months, mrs. Ballew told him if he wasn't going to farm the land we would have to move out so she could get someone who would farm it for her (I don't

think Dad intended to farm it in the first place, he just wanted a place for us to live for a while)

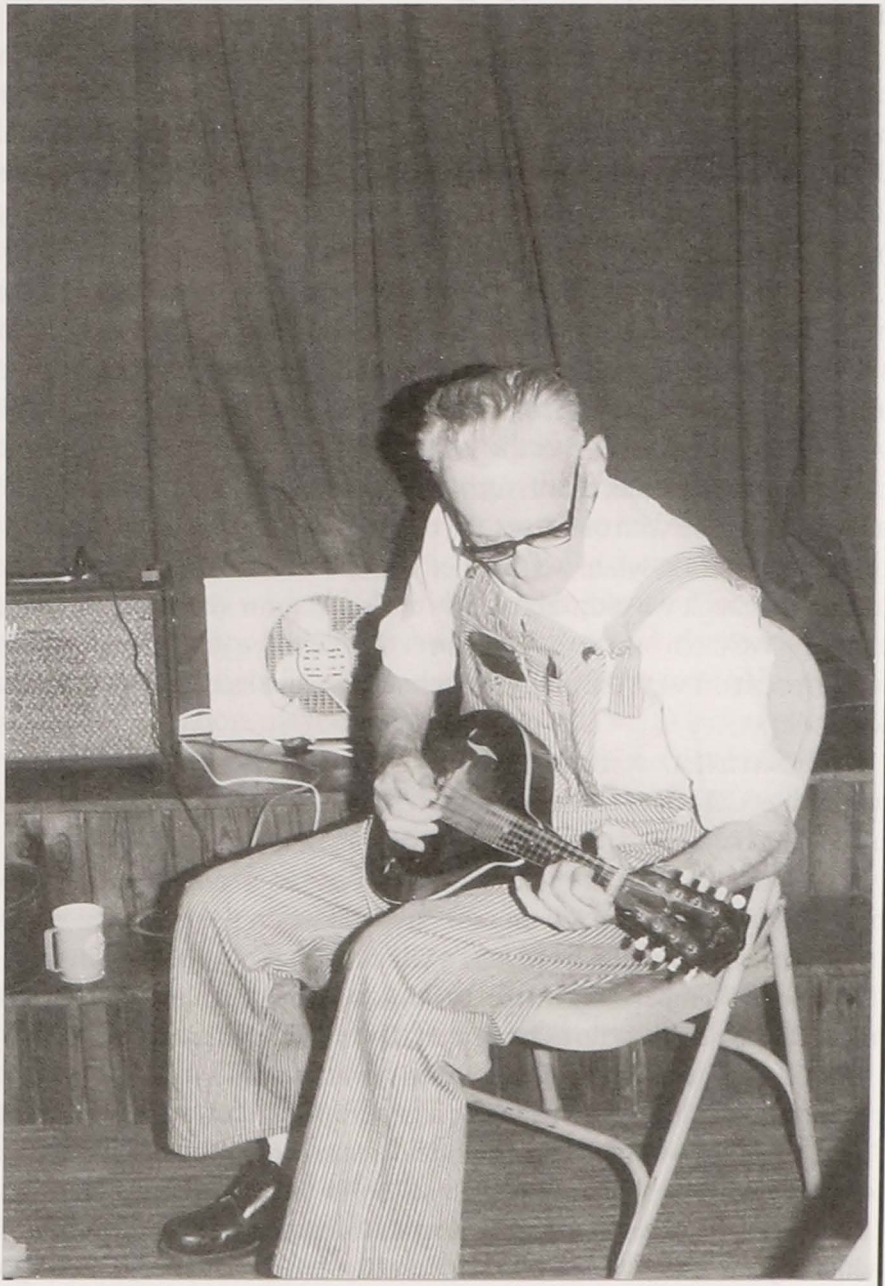
Harve Ferguson owned the General store the blacksmith shop and a house between the store and the shop, so, we moved into the house, we hadn't lived there more than two or three months until mr. Ferguson sold the house and store to a man from Texas and we had to move again. this time, just down the road about a quarter of a mile, into an old two story house called the Harp place

The School was a little way down the road east of the store on the north side of the road, when we started School in the fall the weather was still rather warm, and in the afternoon we would open all the windows to let in what breeze there was, there were two long benches up front, which were called recitation benches kinda like church pews without any backrest on them, when we had, fourth fifth or whatever arithmetic class we were all called up front with our slates, sat on the bench and the teacher gave us problems to work, when we finished a problem we would give it to the teacher to check we didn't have any erasers for our slates, so when the teacher gave them back to us after checking them, we just spit on the slate and wiped it off with the palm of our hand (not too sanitary but it got the job done)....

[Gilbert tells how student harassment forced the school's male teacher to quit after only three weeks into the school year. The replacement teacher is more than the rowdy students had in mind, however.]

....word got around on Sunday afternoon there would be school on monday, we all went back on monday, and when the bell rang we all trooped in, standing up front was a tall skinny lady and in the back sat three board members, one member introduced her as mrs. Lottie Couch and if she couldnt handle us by herself they would help her.

we hadnt been there more than ten minutes until she had whomped two or three kids on the head with a geography book, and believe you "me," when she whomped you, you staid whomped. Rumors filtered down to us, that she was so mean no other school in the county would hire her, I think her motto was "Readin' writin' and Rithmetic taught to the tune of a hickory stick" I dont know about the other kids, but I know she taught me more Readin' writin and Rithmatic than any other teacher I ever had. If we didn't get our lessons during study period she kept us after School until we did, and sometimes she would walk us home and explain to our parents why we were late



Buck Gilbert, ca. 1972

Photograph Courtesy of J.B.Hogan

On the playground she was one of us, we played, Stinkbase, Blackman, Crack the whip and Scrub up Baseball,[28] and she took her place in the lineup just like the rest of us.

A "School Bully" didn't have a chance, if a big kid picked on a little one, she clobbered him good, in a little while we didn't have any "School Bullys"....

At home I slept upstairs, there was holes in the roof and one morning when I awoke there was snow on top of my covers, about this time we had to move again....

We moved into an old rambling two story house (called the Nelson place,) about a mile east of Zion[29] in the Zion School district but we walked back to Haberton and finished the School term there....

[Two year gap in letter, resumed on July 14, 1980]

....I have to go back a little way, for between Cave Springs and Spring valley there was a short stop at Hewitt Springs with some real important stuff....

The State was building a new hiway between Springdale and Spring valley,[30] and needed a blacksmith, so Dad went to work for them....dirt and rocks were plowed up with four horses and a rooter plow so the slips and fresnoes (also pulled by horses) could move it from the high spots to the low places, plow rooters and grade blades didn't stay sharp very long in the rocky ground, and had to be sharpened quiet often, that's where the Blacksmith came in.

as this road had to go thru the timber sometimes, the trees had to be removed, a crew of men with seven foot crosscut saws and axes would cut the trees down then the teamsters would latch onto them with log chains and as many horses as it took to drag them off to oneside

But hold everything, we still have them big Red Oak and post oak stumps (some of them as much as thirty inches in diameter) in the way, they couldn't get enough horses around one of these stumps to pull it out of the ground, so thats where the powder monkey came in, in case you don't know, a powder monkey is a man that fools around with black powder and Dynomite, this powder monkey was something to write about. he would put as many as 40 sticks of dynamite under one stump, he blew some of them so high, parts of them never did come down, pieces of them

lodged in the tree tops off to the side, and some of them were still up there several years later, when I traveled the road accasionally.

One day the road building contracter was in Dad's shop and told Dad this powder monkey was just costing him too much money for dynomite

Dad said, I've had some experiance with explosives and I dont believe it is nessesary to blow them stumps so high, if he could just put enough dynomite under them to split them up a little and loosen them in the ground, a good team of horses could pull the pieces out of the ground and drag them off to one side,

The man said, Joe I'll fire that powder monkey and hire you a helper in the shop, if you will take the job, and I think you can blow them stumps in the evening after the men quit work for the day, and if you can do it I'll double your wages. Dad took the job and blew the stumps with five sticks of dynomite where the other man had been using forty sticks, he saved the man more than enough money to pay his wages and the stumps didn't go so high any more, which wasn't nessesary in the first place.

Remember Uncle Newt the old fellow to whom we gave the mince pie? Well this same road went along the south side of his land, made a sharp turn and went north along the east side, the hiway people wanted to round off this corner so cars could go around without slowing down so much but when the men went out to move his fence back, Uncle Newt was sittin' on a stump with a double barreld shotgun Uncle Newt sez. The first man that pulls a staple out of that fence, gets a load of buckshot in the seat of his pants

after two or three trips and a promise of a hundred dollars for the little dab of land, (which established a new high for the price of land in Arkansas) Uncle Newt climbed down off the stump and went home, and they didn't have any more trouble with him

....my folks moved from the old Nelson place to the Anderson place about a quarter mile east of Zion store....

After attending ten different schools, (Sonora, Healing Springs, Osage Mills, Fishback,[31] Springvalley, War Eagle mills, Springvaley again, Mayfield, Haberton and Zion, I finally finished eighth grade and that was the end of my School days

I started working for Lee Dutchman full time at fifteen dollars a month with bed and board, (I would have said room and board but I had to share a room and bed with a little four year old boy.

Lee Dutchman was a fruit and vegatable farmer also milked eight cows and his wife Effie churned and sold home made butter in Springdale. All the work was done by man and mule power, Lee Dutchman had three mules, Joe, Jerry and Molly, and one combination saddle and buggy mare, old Bess.

All the things we had to do on that farm would have made cold chills run up and down Abe Lincolns back.

In the spring and summer we were up at five o'clock in the morning, first we fed the horses, then milked the cows, separated the milk, fed the calves, sloped and fed the hogs, fed and watered the chickens, when we were thru with all that Effie would have breakfast ready. Ham and eggs fried taters and gravy, hot biscuits, and some sorghum molasses and strawberry jam on the side by this time we didn't need any coaxing to eat a good breakfast....

Lee Dutchmans farm equipment consisted of a six foot orchard disc, two twelve inch soil turning plows and two double shovels.

On an average day I could plow two acres with a twelve inch turning plow...at noon I unhook the mules, climb on ole Jerry and head for the barn, pump water from the well with a hand pump into a log hollowed out to form a watering trough for the mules, feed them some corn and I'm ready for lunch, after lunch while the mules are getting' a little extra rest, I pump some more water and give the pigs and chickens a fresh drink, bridle the mules jump on ole Jerrys back and head for the field to plow another acre

My Dad always said, a poor boy had three choices, he could, work, steal or starve, I didn't want to go to jail for stealing, I had missed a few meals and I didn't like to do that, so I worked for fifteen dollars a month.

End Notes

[1]"Buck" Gilbert's letter was written to his younger sister Phydella Gilbert Hogan as a humorous counterpoint to more sentimental, nostalgic family versions of what life was like for the Gilberts at the turn of the twentieth century.

[2]In addition to his other qualities and skills, Buck Gilbert was an accomplished mandolin player. Most of the Gilbert family were excellent musicians. See Robert Cochran's *Singing in Zion* (University of Arkansas Press, 1999) for a full length study of the family and their music.

[3]Joseph William "Joe" or "Dad" Gilbert, 1875-1953, was Buck's father. Dad Gilbert was born in Montague County, Texas and died in Fayetteville, Arkansas. He is buried in the Zion, Arkansas Cemetery.

[4]Sophia Elizabeth Scott Gilbert, 1883-1938, was Buck's mother. Sophia Scott was born in Mayfield, Arkansas and died in Zion, Arkansas. She is buried in the Zion Cemetery.

[5]*Household* was a nationally distributed magazine that provided up to date information about the home. In Gilbert's childhood days, the magazine sold for 15 cents a copy.

[6]Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment was a popular over the counter skin treatment. It sold for 50 cents a tin.

[7]Sonora is located just east of Springdale on old Highway 68, now Highway 412.

[8]Thelma Martin Gilbert Allen, 1905-1930, was Buck's older sister. Thelma was born in Whitener, Arkansas. She died young, in Zion, Arkansas, leaving her husband Burl Allen to care for their two-year old son Walter. Thelma is buried in the Zion Cemetery.

[9]Martha Ann Fanning Gilbert, 1849-1913, was Buck's grandmother. She married William Clyde Gilbert in Montague County, Texas. She died in Mayfield, Arkansas and was buried in the Mayfield Cemetery which no longer exists.

[10]Richard Hardy Gilbert, 1881-1938. Dick was Joe Gilbert's brother and Buck's uncle. Like Joe, he was born in Montague County, Texas. He died in Mayfield, Arkansas and is buried in the Goshen, Arkansas Cemetery.

[11]William Clyde Gilbert, 1839-1901, was Buck's grandfather. W. C. spent most of his adult life searching for a fortune in asphalt among the hills of Montague County, Texas and lived away from his wife, Martha Fanning Gilbert, and children much of the time. He died never having found his fortune.

[12]W. C. Gilbert is believed to be buried at either Savoy (Wheeler) or Evansville, Arkansas.

[13]Hewitt Springs is located on the east side of Springdale, Arkansas.

[14]Healing Springs is on Highway 264 on the way to Northwest Arkansas Regional airport. Three old buildings remain of the community and Joseph "Dad" Gilbert, Buck's father, had a blacksmith shop in one of them early in the twentieth century.

[15]P & G Soap was a product of the Procter & Gamble company. Its claim to fame was that it made "suds."

[16]Osage Mills is a tiny community located northwest of Cave Springs, Arkansas.

[17]Carl Wallace Gilbert, 1903-1953, was Buck's older brother. The oldest child of Joseph and Sophia Scott Gilbert, Carl was born in Whitener, Arkansas. He died and is buried in Artesia, New Mexico.

[18]Germany sank the British ship Lusitania May 7, 1915 with British and American casualties. The United States declared war on Germany April 6, 1917.

[19]Germany signed the armistice ending World War I on November 11, 1918.

[20]Spring Valley is located east of Springdale where Highway 303 and Highway 68 (412) intersect.

[21]War Eagle Mills is located east and north of Springdale, to the west of Spring Valley.

[22]Huston Jasper Peter Edward Scott, 1891-1972. Buck Gilbert's uncle on his mother's side. In the early 1900s, Huston Scott journeyed to California to work. Excerpts of his letters from this period, compiled and edited by Martha Hogan Estes can be found in her article in *Flashback*, Vol. 56, No. 2, Spring 2006, pp. 37-54. Huston Scott is buried in the Goshen, Arkansas Cemetery.

[23]Mayfield is about five miles northeast of Goshen, Arkansas just off Highway 45 where it intersects with Highway 303.

[24]Almedia Phydellia Stringfield Scott, 1861-1940. Mother of Huston Scott and Sophia Elizabeth Scott Gilbert, Buck's mother. Almedia was born in Pea Ridge, Arkansas. She died in Mayfield and is buried in the Goshen, Arkansas Cemetery.

[25]Vaughn Branch is a small stream running near Whitener, Arkansas.

[26]Melvin Clyde Gilbert, 1885-1938. The brother of Joseph and Richard "Dick" Gilbert, and Buck's uncle. He was born in Dekalb County, Missouri and died in Madison County, Arkansas. He is buried in Farmer's Cemetery, Huntsville, Arkansas.

[27]Habberton is about 2 miles north of Highway 45 at the bottom of Slaughter Mountain which is about 1 mile east of Son's Chapel on the far east side of Fayetteville.

[28]Stinkbase was an involved version of tag with two teams of children facing each other across a playfield; Blackman was another tag game but it was more individual and is like the game "Tag, You're It" where one child at a time is tagged; Crack the Whip was a line of children holding hands and running around until the leader, usually a big kid at one end of the line, stopped abruptly and whipped the line as hard as possible. This normally resulted in the farthest out child flying wildly and sometimes dangerously away from the line; Scrub Up Baseball is like Work Up Baseball: each player moves through all positions in the field until it is his or her turn to bat.

[29]Zion is located east of Fayetteville just south of the intersection of Zion Road and Old Wire (Butterfield Coach) Road.

[30]The highway being built was Highway 68.

[31]Fishback was located along the Butterfield Coach Road between Zion and Springdale.

Daily Drills on Square; Company B Quits Carnall Hall [Reprint]*

After a month of real barracks life at Carnall Hall on the University Campus, Company B, Second Arkansas, U.S.N.G. today scattered out to different parts of the city. Thirty-five men are quartered at the Oriental Hotel, 35 are at the company's armory, 24 at the Gilbert House on Dickson Street, 14 at the Rader House on East Street, 5 at Mrs. O'Connor's on North West Street and the remaining forty, who reside her, will spend the nights at their homes. The dormitory is to be made ready for the opening of the University this month.

Lieutenant S.B. Thorpe, commanding the company, was expecting either orders to entrain for Camp Pike, Little Rock, or notification that tentage would be furnished, but at noon today had received no instructions from the commander of the regiment.

Ceremonies on Public Square

The ceremonies of reveille and retreat will be held daily on the public square beginning tonight, Lieutenant Thorpe said. Reveille will be held at 6:00 a.m. and retreat at 6:00 p.m. Drill call will be sounded at 8:00 a.m. Excepting those who reside in the city, all members of the company will be required to report at reveille, Lieutenant Thorpe said. Arrangements were made today to raise the flag on the postoffice at reveille and lower it at retreat.

Receive 130 Pillows

Officers and enlisted men of Company B today issued the following statement thanking ladies for about 130 pillows which were presented to the company:

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*This article originally appeared in the September 5, 1917 issue of the *Fayetteville Democrat*.

"The officers and enlisted men of Company B Second Arkansas U.S.N.G. desire in this way to return thanks to the ladies of Fayetteville and vicinity for their kindness in furnishing us pillows for our comfort. We assure you that we appreciate, both the pillows and the thoughtfulness of our welfare, that prompted the giving of them.

"The boys of Company B appreciate the special effort of Mesdames Norberry, Lafe Nettleship, Chase, George Blanchard, Wythe Walker, Raney, Roy Carroll, Lorich, W.P. Dunn and B.J. Dunn. Misses Wahneetah Clark and Dorothy McDonald in soliciting and securing the pillows for which we are so thankful.

"The ladies listed below were kind enough to donate pillows:

"Misses Albright, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Askew, Mrs. G. F. Blanchard, Mrs. J.J. Banchard, Mrs. Henry Boggs, Mrs. W.R. Buck, Mrs. Lizzie Bush, Mrs. Roy Carroll, Mrs. Sam Clark, Miss Wahneetah Clark, Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. C. Colbert, Miss Crawford, Mrs. George Chase, Mrs. Glenn Cornwell, Mrs. W.A. Cornwell, Mrs. B.J. Dunn, Mrs. W.F. Dunn, Mrs. Dr. Ellis, Mrs. James Ferguson, Mrs. Wallace Ferguson, Mrs. George, Mrs. J.W. Grabiel, Miss Jennie Gray, Mrs. Ganns, Mrs. Greaves, Miss Pansy Gregg, Mrs. Francis Gregg, Mrs. W.M. Harris, Mrs. N.C. Harrison, Mrs. Bruce Holcomb, Miss Helen Hudgins, Miss Elizabeth James,Mrs. H.E. Jackson, Miss Jenkins, Mrs. J.S. P. Johnson, Mrs. T.L. Johnson, Mrs. J.J. Knock, Mrs. Art Lewis, Mrs. T. Logan, Mrs. N.P. Locke, Mrs. Gertie Lorich, Mrs. Markle, Mrs. A.C. McAdams, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Dorothy McDonald, Mrs. Gwen Mitchell, Mrs. Dick Mock, Mrs. R.M. Morton, Miss Maibelle McCulloch, Mrs. Dr. Miller, Mrs. Charles Norbury, Mrs. George Parker, Miss Velma Pearson, Mrs. Peckham, Mrs. M.L. Pierce, Mrs. John Philbeck, Miss Lucille Potts, Mrs. J. Reynolds, Miss Lina Reed, Miss Freda Ruppel, Miss Edna Ruppel, Miss Lizzie Roark, Mrs. Frank Shipley, Mrs. Mary Skelton, Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. Mattie Taylor, Mrs. Robert Vaughn, Mrs. Vol Walker, Mrs. Wythe Walker, Mrs. J.C. Watts, Mrs. B.J. Wade, Miss Pearl White, Miss Eddie White, Miss Lilian Wilkerson, Miss Francis Watson, Miss Katherine Wilson, Mrs. Lafe Nettleship."

Are You Interested in Writing Articles on Washington County History?

Here's an Opportunity to Get a Leg Up on Your Research!

A prolific writer and frequent contributor to the *Flashback* has a storehouse of research material for potential articles. Learning from the old adage "so much material, so little time," he has graciously agreed to loan the information he has gathered to anyone interested in completing the research on the following topics. Please contact the *Flashback* editor at timn@uark.edu if you are interested in pursuing this unique opportunity.

1. "Origins of City (Wilson) Park and Harmon Field" – Two of Fayetteville's oldest and most used recreational areas, yet their origins, development, and names have been virtually lost in time. What part of the park was the "natural amphitheatre?" Where was Trent's Pond? Why is city park officially named Wilson Park? Who is the Harmon of Harmon Field? Why is it still called that?

2. "Fayetteville History Through Its Plaques and Monuments" – In the 1950s, Professor Walter J. Lemke wrote a booklet on the plaques and monuments of Washington County. This article updates that booklet but limits its scope to Fayetteville. A few of the many items covered: the Arkansas Avenue monument to Will Rogers, the location of the arsenal during the Battle of Fayetteville, and Bill Cush's (William Quesenberry) home on North Duncan Avenue.

3. "Forgotten Killings and Murders in Fayetteville History" – Over the years, Fayetteville has seen its share of dark events. Chronicled here are some of the more shocking crimes of the past, including the murder of City Constable Patton (1881), the shocking killing

of Mrs. Winkleman (1911), and the murder-suicide case of Fire Chief Henry George (1948), among several others.

4. "The Rise and Fall of Police Chief Neal Cruse" – In the 1930s, Neal Cruse rose from patrolman to chief of police. Yet within five years, he had been forced out of office under a cloud corruption charges that all but destroyed his name and legacy. Learn of his brother Merle's (Washington County Clerk) connection to the death car of Bonnie and Clyde.

5. "Hic Iacet; Hic In Gallia Iacet: The Tragic Loss of the Tidball Brothers" – The Tidball brothers of Fayetteville died within two weeks of each other in separate battles in France during World War I. Learn which brother came home to his final rest, and which remains interred in France. Unfortunately, their tragic fates and sacrifice have now all but vanished from local awareness.

6. "Fayetteville Literary Renaissance" – During the 1920s and 1930s in particular, Fayetteville had a thriving literary scene that was probably unrivaled by any city of similar size in America. Charles J. Finger – the "Squire" of Gayeta, Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni – Arkansas Poet Laureate, Charles Ballard – the poet of Tin Cup, and Charles Morrow Wilson were just some of the extraordinary writers that made Fayetteville a vibrant center of literary achievement.

Membership Application Form

Washington County Historical Society

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(479) 521-2970
info@washcohistoricalsociety.org
http://www.washcohistoricalsociety.org

❑New Member ❑Renewal

- ❑ $15 Senior, student, public libraries
- ❑ $25 General
- ❑ $50 Trail Blazer
- ❑ $100 Explorer
- ❑ $250 Wagon Master
- ❑ $500 Pioneer
- ❑ $1,000 Statesman
- ❑ $5,000 Empire Builder

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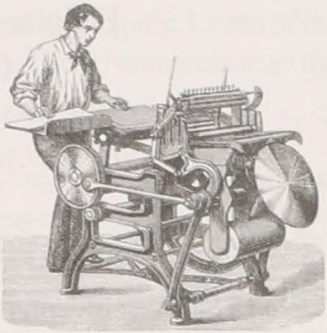
❑I would like to learn more about volunteer opportunities at WCHS

WCHS is a 501c(3) nonprofit corporation. The portion of the membership above $25 is tax deductible. The membership will run for a full 12 months beginning in the month following the month membership is received.

Third Annual Lemke Prize Competition Open for Submissions

The Washington County Historical Society announces the 3rd Annual W.J. Lemke Prize competition. Anyone interested in Washington County history, whether a professional or amateur historian, is encouraged to enter. Topics can be on any phase of Washington County's history or archeology, deal with an individual or institution connected with the county, and can address any time period.



The winning article will receive $300; Second prize receives $200. Both winners receive framed certificates. Winners will be recognized at the annual ice cream social in August 2010.

Manuscripts will be judged on their contribution to the expansion of the county's history; the originality of the subject; and, the use of primary and secondary sources. The manuscripts must be original material, and not have been previously published; no more than 40 pages, typed, and doubled-spaced. Footnotes should be included on separate, double-spaced pages, although they do not count toward the 40-page limit. The title page should contain the heading "W.J. LEMKE PRIZE," the full title of the manuscript, the author's name, mailing address, telephone number, and email address.

Entries become the property of the Washington County Historical Society and will not be returned to the author. All papers will be considered for publication in the *Flashback*. The Society reserves the right to award one or no prizes.

Copies of all entries in the Lemke Prize will be deposited with the Special Collections Department at the University of Arkansas Libraries. Entries may be mailed to Tim Nutt, Washington County Historical Society, 118 E. Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701, or emailed to timn@uark.edu by **July 1, 2010**. If the entries are emailed, they should be either in the PDF or Microsoft Word format.

For additional information on the W.J. Lemke Prize, please contact Tim Nutt at the above address or at 575-8443 or timn@uark.edu

PLANNED GIFTS

Making charitable gifts to the Washington County Historical Society will enable it to continue and expand its programs.

If you are making regular gifts to the Washington County Historical Society or would like to start, you may find it beneficial to set up or give:

1. A **charitable lead trust** that will pay income to WCHS for a set period.
2. A **charitable remainder trust** that will allow you to transfer property to a trust set up for WCHS without paying capital gains tax on the sale of the property.
3. **Appreciated securities** at their current value and take an income tax deduction for the year up to 30% of adjusted gross income.
4. **Gifts from your retirement account** that could be an integral part of planning for those withdrawals.
5. **An irrevocable life insurance trust** that could own your life insurance, when it no longer serves its purpose, to make a charitable gift that could reduce the estate's tax bill.

There are a number of ways to enhance your retirement plans while still providing for your charitable interests and making gifts you never dreamed possible. Consult with your financial advisor on other ways you can make charitable donations. These planned gifts will provide added tax benefits for you and your heirs while helping to support the vital mission of the Washington County Historical Society for years to come.

FlashBack

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